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HALSEY COOLEY IVES



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Halsey Cooley Ives, LL.D.

1847—1911

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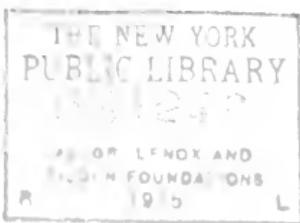
Founder of the
St. Louis School of Fine Arts

First Director of the City Art Museum
of St. Louis



Edited by
Walter B. Stevens

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WYOMING
MUSEUM
UNIVERSITY
OF WYOMING

**Executive Committee
Ives Memorial Association**

SAUNDERS NORVELL

GEORGE D. MARKHAM **HOLMES SMITH**
PHILIP C. SCANLAN **WALTER B. STEVENS**

AMERICAN
MUSEUM
OF NATURAL
HISTORY

BIOGRAPHICAL

HALSEY COOLEY IVES, son of Hiram DuBoise and Teresa (McDowell) Ives, was born at Montour Falls, Schuyler County, New York, October 27, 1847. He was educated in the public schools and in the Union Academy of his native town. He studied in the School of Art at South Kensington, England, and took courses in other art schools.

About the beginning of the Civil war his father died. Thrown upon his own resources, the youth took up drafting, from natural inclination. In 1864, at the age of seventeen, he entered the service of the United States Government and was sent to Nashville. There he was assigned to work as a draftsman. Almost immediately he became associated with men of artistic tastes. He made the acquaintance of a talented Polish refugee, Alexander Piatowski, a man of extraordinary mental and spiritual gifts, with an unusual enthusiasm for nature and art. The acquaintance grew into close friendship. The art education of the young American was undertaken as a labor of love by the Pole. Professor Ives always felt that he was greatly indebted to the impressions which this friendship with Piatowski made upon him in his early manhood.

In 1869 he became a designer and decorator, traveling through the South and West, following that vocation. In 1872 he made a journey into Mexico. Two years later he began his life work as a teacher of art. He became an instructor in the Polytechnic School of Washington University. The next year he went abroad and studied under several teachers of art. Returning to St. Louis, he was made a member of the faculty of Washington University.

A free evening drawing class, established in 1874, was the beginning of the St. Louis Museum and School of Fine Arts, formally inaugurated in 1879. The museum and school formed the Art Department of Washington University. In the organization of the department Professor Ives showed

such superior ability that it drew the attention of influential support. Two years after the founding of the School of Fine Arts, the museum building on Nineteenth and Locust streets was completed through the munificence of Wayman Crow. The galleries were opened to the public on the 10th of May, 1881.

As director of both the museum and the school, Professor Ives worked untiringly to make one advance the interests of the other. He built up the collections and used them for the benefit of all who engaged in the study of art. During many years he gave courses of lectures on Sundays, free to artisans and others who could not afford the time for the study of art on other days of the week. His constant aim was to elevate the applied or industrial arts.

In 1892 he was called to Chicago to organize and conduct the Art Department of the World's Columbian Exposition held the following year.

In 1894 Professor Ives was appointed by the National Bureau of Education to examine and report upon the courses of instruction and methods of work in various foreign art schools and museums. With this commission he began at Ghizeh in Egypt and pursued his investigation through Europe, tracing the historical development of art and its relation to civilization.

The well rounded character of the man was illustrated in 1895, when, in a movement for municipal betterment, Professor Ives accepted the nomination of member of the City Council of St. Louis. He was elected and served four years. His official activities took especially the form of promoting such measures as the building of a new city hospital on the most modern and approved standards.

Repeatedly Professor Ives was selected to represent the United States as Commissioner of Art at various expositions abroad. Upon the organization of the exposition for the celebration of the Centennial of the Acquisition of Louisiana, one of the earliest selections for the official staff

was that of Professor Ives, to be chief of the Department of Art. After the Exposition, Professor Ives devoted himself to the upbuilding of the City Art Museum of St. Louis. He was known and recognized at home and abroad as one of the foremost personalities in the art world. He was honored with many decorations by foreign governments and with numerous diplomas and medals from exposition and art organizations.

Professor Ives was married in 1887 to Miss Margaret Lackland, daughter of Rufus J. Lackland of St. Louis. Of the union were born a daughter, Caroline Eliot, and a son, Neil McDowell.

Halsey Cooley Ives died suddenly in London, May 5, 1911.

THE MEMORIAL MEETING

IN THE shadow of the City Art Museum were held public exercises in memory of Halsey C. Ives, upon a beautiful Sabbath afternoon in May, 1911. They were timed to occur, as nearly as practicable, coincident with the arrival of the remains at the old home, Montour Falls, New York. Flags hung at half mast on the staffs in Forest Park. A platform erected at the front of the museum was banked with palms and plants. A portrait of Professor Ives was placed back of the special speaker's stand. The cluster of American beauty roses on the table gave the only bright bit of color. In front of the platform assembled the public, representative of the city. The faculty and students of the St. Louis School of Fine Arts and the members of the Art Students' League, many of them having been pupils of Professor Ives, met at Washington University and came in a body to the museum. Members of the Artists' Guild assembled as an organization.

Shortly after three o'clock those officially participating in the exercises walked from the museum to the platform. They were preceded by W. K. Bixby, president of the museum board, and John F. Lee, chairman of the committee on arrangements for the memorial. In the long line were the board and staff of the museum, Mayor Kreismann and former Mayor Wells, the Municipal Assembly headed by President of the Council John H. Gundlach, the trustees of Washington University, the advisory board of the School of Fine Arts, the directors of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

ORDER OF EXERCISES

1. Music.
2. Presentation of the Chairman of the meeting, W. K. Bixby, by the Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements, John F. Lee.
3. Address by W. K. Bixby, President of the Board of Control of the City Art Museum.
4. Music.
5. Address by the Mayor of St. Louis, Hon. Frederick H. Kreismann.
6. Music.
7. Address by Dr. William M. R. French, Director of the Art Institute of Chicago.
8. Music.
9. Address by Hon. David R. Francis, President of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.
10. Music—"America," by the band and audience.

MUSICAL PROGRAM

Marche Funebre.....	Beethoven
Funeral March.....	Chopin
Chorale.....	Bach
"Nature's Adoration"—Hymn.....	Beethoven
Singing of "America" by entire audience.	

Address by W. K. Bixby

LOVING hands in his old home at Montour Falls will consign to their final resting place the ashes of Halsey C. Ives. We, too, wish to join in spirit in that sacred office, and to honor St. Louis by paying our tribute of gratitude to the memory of the man who for nearly forty years made St. Louis his home, its higher intellectual and aesthetic interests his controlling ambition, and our Museum and the School of Fine Arts specifically his life work. You all knew him, sturdy, insistent, persistent, indefatigable, consistent in his devotion to the cause to which his life was dedicated, unflagging in his zeal, unwavering in his faith. All have not agreed with him on some occasions, but, as another has said—

“The ways they are many and wide, and seldom are two ways the same,
Side by side may we stand at the same little door when all’s done.
The ways, they are many; the end, it is one.”

The end that Halsey C. Ives steadily held in view was what he believed to be the best interests of the Art Museum, and the development of artistic taste and knowledge in St. Louis. No phase of this, his life work, appealed more potently to him than the practical work of the school, that is, the carrying out of its policy of enabling young men and women to make a better living than they otherwise could by designing, modeling, decorating, bookbinding, or through some other form of artistic endeavor. I want at this time to emphasize especially this practical—not to say material—feature of his work, its meaning, directly and indirectly, to this community and to the world. Schools cannot create great artists. Up to a certain point instruction can be given, the intelligence directed, and the technical skill imparted. Then each, in his own way, will seemingly discard much that he has learned; that is, he must differentiate between the general and the specific, must adapt to himself what is necessary to his own peculiar needs, and by his own initiative work out his individual future. Many great

artists have received their first instruction in the school that Halsey C. Ives founded. No one would claim that they learned all that they knew here, but the foundations were laid deep and strong here. Their early teaching and encouragement at a critical stage in their lives was received here, and Professor Ives always took a keen and watchful interest in their subsequent career, yet the most important work of the school was not in instructing future great artists. Doubtless these men would have succeeded under any conditions, but there are many others, and these the multitude—whose well-being it is the chief object of the school to conserve, who, by reason of his watchful care and ready helpfulness, have worked out for themselves, lives of higher practical usefulness for the world, and of truer happiness for themselves. They always came to him as a friend, and they mourn his loss as they would that of a devoted father. This is the real glory of Halsey C. Ives' life, and it is reflected in the peace and gladness of many a home, and glows eternally in the gratitude of many a heart, which is grieving this day. There never was a man more loyal to his friends than Halsey Ives. "By their works shall ye know them." This is the supreme and final test, and by that test our friend and his life work must be judged.

While others did their full part in erecting this building and in securing the contents, yet, as the leader and first evangel of art in St. Louis, this building, with what it holds and what it means, stands as an imperishable monument to his memory; but, noble as this monument is, there is a nobler. Down there it lies, at the foot of the hill. There, where young hands toil painfully towards skill, where young ideas are ripening to fruition, where young souls dream dreams, and young hearts see visions, where young ambitions are rearing their heads toward achievement; there, and in the hearts of a multitude who have gone forth from it into lives of usefulness and beauty, there we must look for the living and eternal monument of Halsey C. Ives.

Address by F. H. Kreismann

Mayor of St. Louis

THE profound grief and sorrow that the passing of the life of Halsey C. Ives has caused our community will not find its fullest expression at this gathering of men and women who may have been but a few of his personal friends, his co-workers and his immediate beneficiaries. We bring our presence upon this solemn occasion that we may make and hear sincere utterances of the grateful, tender regard in which we will always hold the memory of the man who was our friend, our companion and our benefactor.

Having had the privilege of personal touch, we are drawn together at one of the objects of his life's labor—in part it was his home—here to mourn at the flight of his spirit and to allow an impressive service to command our sentiments and nobler impulses.

This gathering can be regarded in its higher purpose as a fitting event and one for public record, to which a proud citizenship and its future generations may refer, as it reflects upon the valuable service that Halsey C. Ives rendered the City of St. Louis, both as a scholar of art and a citizen.

In the galleries of this institution, which was the center of his daily labor of most recent years, are great treasures of a people, which he collected, and for whom he served most unselfishly by the use of his taste for and his knowledge of art.

In departments of our municipal government, growing out of his service in the halls of its legislative assembly, may be found many measures and methods that well reveal the practical mind and genius of this man. As a patron, professor and collector of art, his work and efforts in our midst will doubtless be longer remembered and generally felt. While such labor, in its nature, finds greatest attainments under circumstances and surroundings that are at repose and relatively obscure, who would contend or be willing to assert

that they are less productive of public good because they are not stirring or spectacular!

Because Halsey C. Ives was fundamentally an energetic and useful citizen who knew how to apply the artistic temperament and refined taste for art that he possessed as an instrument of practical good, his contribution to the welfare and reputation of St. Louis was distinct and substantial. I am thankful that the duty of a public officer gives me the privilege and opportunity of expressing the sorrow and sadness that I personally experience and that I am sure is felt by the thousands of citizens that knew Halsey C. Ives by his work. Though it must necessarily be in a feeble way, I come to give grateful and earnest testimony that this community in particular was greatly benefited by his participation in its affairs.

Halsey C. Ives rendered a service to the City of St. Louis that was of greatest and enduring good for it combined with its artistic and refining influence a practical and material worth and his efforts and spirit will be long remembered.

Address by William M. R. French, Director of the Art Institute of Chicago.

WE ARE gathered to do honor to the man who so lately was the life of the great museum at which we meet. No doubt many who hear my voice are those who have themselves benefited by his ministrations in the classes of Washington University, the old museum, the School of Fine Arts, or the new City Art Museum.

I am from Chicago—from the Art Institute there. It is appropriate that our museum should be represented upon this occasion, because Professor Ives was long ago chosen an honorary member of the Art Institute of Chicago in recognition of his position in the world of art and of his services to our museum.

He was the oldest in point of service of the art museum men of America, and I believe I am next. It is now something more than thirty years since I began the association with him, which has continued ever since. We were then both young men. Probably others know more particularly his early history.

I have gathered that he was in the Union service in the Civil war, not as an enlisted man, but in connection with the engineering department, and that he received a wound, from which he suffered long after. He went to Europe and studied in the South Kensington Art School in London. It may be presumed that it was there that he acquired that appreciation of the value of the industrial applications of art that was almost a dominant element in his career. Later he found himself established as a teacher of drawing in the mechanical and architectural departments of Washington University in St. Louis.

An ordinary man would have plodded along and performed his professional duties and remained a simple drawing master. But such were the expansive ideas, the personal address, and the practical abilities of the young teacher,

that in a few years his department was of acknowledged importance, he was a full professor, a museum of art had been built and a large school of painting and sculpture had been established. Of course there were others co-operating in this, especially in furnishing funds, such as Mr. Wayman Crow, but it is safe to say that it would not have come about without the enthusiasm and devotion of Professor Ives.

All this happened before our Chicago museum was fairly organized, and before there was an art museum in any western city except Cincinnati. It was at this point, about 1880, when we were just beginning, that I came here to visit Professor Ives and to see a fully established art museum and school. From that time we were always in some kind of association and co-operation in art matters. I shall never forget the hospitality and urbanity with which I was received, or the benefit which I derived from his greater experience. Through the subsequent years I had occasion to appeal to him over and over.

It was in this way that he became known to our Chicago people, and when our World's Fair of 1893 came on, the Columbian Exposition, he was called to the great responsibility of Chief of the Art Department, and after that, honors and public duties fell thick upon him, and he belonged not alone to St. Louis but to the whole country.

His whole life, as relates to the public, was devoted to art and art education. I am not one of those who consider art, at all times and simply because it is art, as beneficial and elevating. There are those who make a cult of art, and put it almost in the place of religion and all other good things. But I think art is rather to be regarded as a mode of human expression, a kind of language, by which mankind endeavors to convey to his fellow his feeling, his ideas, his inspiration.

If art is a language, then it is like other language, and has no character of itself, and is dependent for its quality

upon what it conveys. It may be good and it may be bad. I am glad, however, to believe that it is much more often good than bad.

That art in its ordinary manifestations among us, and especially in its useful applications, in which our friend was so much interested—that art among us, I say, is decidedly of an elevating and humanizing tendency, cannot be doubted. It responds to that strong love of beauty, which is so universal and so definite that we cannot question that it is the gift of God. It takes people out of themselves and draws them away from the ordinary sordid objects of life. It is properly, in the words of Ruskin, the expression of “man’s delight in God’s work.”

Our friend’s life has illustrated what may be accomplished by single minded devotion to a definite object. I do not say that a man is always worthy of great credit for being interested even in a good and useful thing. There are all kinds of tastes. Some of us are attracted to art and pursue it, not so much perhaps for the benefit of our fellow men and in a spirit of self-sacrifice, as because it pleases and attracts us. But I have always thought those men happy whose tastes are such that the exercise of them may be a public service, whose spontaneous activities add to the well being of the community.

And let the young man or woman who seeks lessons in the lives of those who go before reflect how few people there are whose privilege it is to add anything permanent to the world’s stock of good things. It is certainly true that everybody who enjoys certain advantages of position and education ought to put more into the world than he takes out. But how few there are who can do more than carry their own weight! We think the average man does pretty well, who supports himself and his family without calling on anybody else for aid.

But the occasional persons who, like our friend, have a strong taste for a useful pursuit, and devote themselves

to it, not spasmodically and for a little time, but constantly and for a long series of years, are those who actually help forward the community to a higher plane of living.

“If you seek for his monument, look about you.”

So far as we can discern, if he had never lived in St. Louis, this building would hardly exist, the art movement here would have been halting and slow, thousands would have missed the inspiration of his teaching and enthusiasm, it is doubtful if the city would now be taking its proper place in the world of art.

The great artists make themselves remembered by these visible works in color and in marble, but the officers of museums must be content to be built into the foundations of their institutions.

What makes it especially appropriate that this popular memorial service should be held, that it should be an assemblage of the people generally and not alone of artists, is that Professor Ives from the beginning and all through his career was the advocate and promoter of the application of art to every day uses. He believed in the decoration of ordinary objects, and in the instruction of the workman himself in drawing and designing. He advocated long and ardently the union of the art of execution with the art of design, of the identification as far as possible of the artisan and the artist.

Your museum accordingly contains not only pictures and statues but examples of decorated manufacture of all kinds, textiles, porcelain, iron work, wood work, furniture, ivory carving, etc.

To carry art into the homes of the people may be said to have been his ruling idea.

It is fitting that we should here do what we can to emphasize the work of Halsey C. Ives, and to perpetuate the memory and effect of that work. It will be strange if his fellow citizens do not erect a special monument to his memory.

Address by David R. Francis

THE presence of so large an assemblage of people at this time and place is impressive and inspiring. A devoted and efficient public servant has been cut down at the post of duty—has been taken away at the height of his usefulness. His rare fitness for the task he was performing, his sincere love for the work to which his life was sacrificed, his earnest desire to educate the people to an appreciation of the beauty and benefit of art, his unselfish effort to infuse into others the sensations with which he was imbued when viewing or studying the production of a talented artist, his unwavering encouragement to struggling and ambitious geniuses, all—now that he is gone—rise trumpet-tongued in our hearts and memories. Our sense of loss is almost a burden and we feel that he “should have died hereafter.”

Halsey Cooley Ives has filled a great space in the history of art in the United States for the last two decades. As Chief of the Departments of Art at the Columbian Exposition of 1893, and of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition of 1904, he was instrumental in assembling for exhibition such a collection of paintings and sculpture and articles of virtu as the country had never seen before, and the lessons taught thereby are so lasting and far-reaching that their beneficial effects will continue to be felt through many years to come. He who elevates the tastes of the people—refines their sympathies, broadens their culture and promotes their happiness—is a public benefactor. A vote of the French people taken not long since as to who was the greatest Frenchman showed most votes for Pasteur—more than for Napoleon. A devoted and anxious mother whose son had been relieved from agony by the serum for spinal meningitis said at her own table in the presence of her husband, then Governor of New York and now Justice of the Supreme Court, of President Taft, of the Governor-General of Canada and of many other distinguished guests, that she would vote

for Dr. Simon Flexner as the greatest living American. The beneficence of men can be compared only when their efforts are in the same field of action. The first settlers of Kentucky and Tennessee and the Northwest in the days of Daniel Boone, David Crockett and George Rogers Clark had no opportunity to cultivate a taste for the beautiful in art, but when a century or more had elapsed and the people of the Louisiana Purchase desired to show to the world what four generations of freemen had done for civilization and humanity, the services of an Ives were a potential factor in the comprehensive and stupendous undertaking.

This building with its attractive and valuable contents is a lasting monument to the life work of the man whose memory we are met to honor. He labored for forty years in our midst; and whether in class room, legislative hall, or the studio, or wherever in the art centers of the old world or the new, the aim of his life could be promoted, there was Halsey Ives. His dearest desire was to infuse the masses of the people with a discriminating or an admiring love for the beautiful. Like the dreamer in the Koran, if he had been reduced to two loaves of bread he would have sold one to buy hyacinths as food for his soul.

He oftentimes felt that his work was not appreciated and his sacrifices not realized; nothing is so discouraging as that to one who is laboring unselfishly for his community and for his fellows. If his spirit is hovering over this scene today, as I hope and believe it is, for his heart was here as long as it throbbed in his breast, the presence of this immense throng of mourners and admirers and their manifestations of interest and feeling would be gratifying indeed and full reward for the labors of forty years with all their sacrifices and heart burnings. May this spontaneous expression of the worth and services of Halsey Ives be an incentive and an inspiration to others to take up the work where he left off and continue it vigorously until this geographical and commercial center of a mighty area of resources and

productiveness shall become a center of education and culture, in keeping with the territory itself, and with the force, the character, the patriotism, the pride and the ambitions of those who have wrought so assiduously and so successfully. Peace to his ashes!

In conclusion I desire to offer the following suggestion for action by this large gathering of earnest, interested citizens.

The people of St. Louis, speaking through a large and representative assemblage congregated at the Art Museum of the City of St. Louis, May 21, 1911, for the purpose of holding memorial services of Halsey Cooley Ives, late director of the City Art Museum of St. Louis, and holding in high esteem the life work of a man who labored in their midst for forty years intelligently and unselfishly in the interest of art and education, give it as their conviction that the untiring efforts and self-sacrifices of Dr. Ives in behalf of art, and his persistent endeavor to establish a Museum of Art in St. Louis for the benefit of all the people should be worthily recognized by a permanent memorial of such design and character as will fittingly express the appreciation of the public, and serve as a reminder to those of today, and as evidence to those who come after, that services conscientiously and effectually rendered for the promotion of the common good are not overlooked in this community.

Therefore resolved:

That in order to accomplish this end a committee consisting of Saunders Norvell, Walter B. Stevens, Philip C. Scanlan, Holmes Smith and George D. Markham is hereby appointed, whose duty it shall be to organize "The Ives Memorial Association," for the purpose of creating or constructing in the City Art Museum of St. Louis a permanent memorial to Halsey C. Ives.

Resolved: Furthermore, That all the people of St. Louis and all lovers of art be invited to contribute to such memorial.

The Committee on Arrangements for the Memorial Meeting

THE arrangements for the memorial meeting were made by a committee composed of:

John F. Lee, Chairman,	Dr. Enno Sander,
Charles Claflin Allen,	Saunders Norvell,
Vice-Chairman,	Collins Thompson,
Robert H. Whitelaw,	John H. Gundlach,
Ben Blewett,	Francis E. Nipher,
Dr. W. E. Fischel,	W. F. Saunders,
Henry King,	Robert Moore,
Max Kotany,	Edward Mallinckrodt,
Frank L. Ridgely,	Charles W. Knapp,
J. L. Mauran,	R. A. Holland,
E. R. Hoyt,	Rolla Wells,
George S. Johns,	Isaac S. Taylor,
James A. Waterworth,	Chauncey I. Filley,
Marshall S. Snow,	Philip C. Scanlan,
William Marion Reedy,	Walter B. Stevens,
Dr. Robert Barclay,	Cyrus P. Walbridge,
William Trelease,	William M. Chauvenet,
Edward L. Preetorius,	Rev. John W. Day,
Thomas E. Kinney,	Edward H. Semple,
John A. Ockerson,	Homer Bassford,
George J. Zolnay,	F. E. A. Curley,
Dwight F. Davis,	B. J. Taussig,
Holmes Smith,	Rev. Leon Harrison,
Gustave Waldeck,	Otto Heller,
Percy Werner,	J. M. Wulffing,
Edward C. Eliot,	Charles P. Davis,
F. O. Sylvester,	William Schuyler.

Honors to the Director

WITHIN the museum there were displayed oil paintings by Professor Ives together with decorations, medals and diplomas awarded to the director in appreciation of his varied activities in behalf of art.

The decorations were: Knight of the Danebrog, bestowed by Christian IX; knight of the Order of Vasa, Sweden; knight commander of the Order of St. Alexander, Bulgaria; knight commander of the Order of the Double Dragon, China; chevalier of the Order of Leopold, Belgium; knight of the Order of St. Maurice and St. Lazar, Italy; knight of the Order of Christ, Portugal; knight of the Order of the Iron Cross, of Francis Joseph, Austria; knight of the order of the Rising Sun, Japan; officer of public instruction of France, with insignia of the Palms of the Academy; special medal from the Board of Directors, Chicago Exposition.

The diplomas were: Diploma and silver medal for painting "Waste Lands," Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition, Portland, Ore., 1905; commemorative diploma from French Government, services in World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893; diploma as doctor of laws, Washington University; commemorative diploma as chief of department of art, Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, 1904; commission as chief of department of art, Louisiana Purchase Exposition; grand prize for educational services, department of education, Louisiana Purchase Exposition; commemorative letter from French Government for services to French art.

Preceding the exercises the St. Louis Artists' Guild placed in the museum a large wreath of bay leaves tied with purple ribbon, under the picture, "Waste Lands," painted by Professor Ives.

The American Federation of Fine Arts was represented at the meeting by Mr. Henry Read of Denver. The University of Missouri was represented by Dr. John Pickard, professor of art history and archaeology.

Many telegrams and letters expressing regard for Professor Ives were read by Mr. Bixby. Among these were messages from the Metropolitan Museum of New York, Cornelia B. Sage, director of the Buffalo Fine Arts Museum, The Fine Arts Club of New York, The Art Association of Indianapolis and the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

St. Louis Artists' Guild

THE St. Louis Artists' Guild, at a meeting held on May 6th, 1911, passed a resolution that a committee be appointed to give expression to the feelings of its members because of the loss of their most distinguished member, Halsey C. Ives.

In accordance with this resolution we desire to extend our deepest sympathy to the family of Professor Ives. We believe we are speaking not only for the Guild but for the whole City of St. Louis in expressing our appreciation of what he has done by his heroic career devoted to the noble work to which his life was consecrated. The loss is not alone to his family and to the City of St. Louis but to the whole United States. The misfortune falls not only upon the arts which he represented but upon all the high arts without distinction. We feel that he has been a great educator and leader in realms of eternal ideas and that his long and patient toil on behalf of the institutions which he founded will live and grow, a great influence, not only in the community where he lived, but throughout the country that has been exalted by his noble work.

IVES, THE DIRECTOR

By R. A. Holland, Director
City Art Museum

"Art should be a matter of every day enjoyment and use to every normally constituted man, woman and child."—Ives.

IN THIS sentence there is embodied the principle which dominated the life work of Professor Halsey C. Ives; and it was to this end that he labored untiringly and unselfishly. Forty years ago when he began teaching a night class in drawing at Washington University, he saw in his dreams an institution founded upon this principle.

From the very beginning of his career as a director in art matters, he advocated the practical side of art. He believed that art meant more than paint and canvas or modeled statuary; that art was or should be evident in everything produced, whether in the studio, the shop or the factory; that in the home art should first of all be seen in the architecture. He felt that utility had received too much attention. In this day of commercialism art in architecture has suffered much, and one of his fondest dreams was the building of the "Hall of Architecture," in which should be included examples of the best artistic architecture, Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Yucatan, Japanese, Indian, Saracenic and Gothic.

Again, in the furnishings of the home from the commonest utensil to the masterpiece upon the wall, there was reason for their being artistic, and if artistic they were in good taste. It requires no effort to see how, if art were more thoroughly understood and taught, its influence would be for the more complete enjoyment of life and greater refinement of taste. This thought was constantly before Professor Ives.

In the early days of the St. Louis School of Fine Arts he urged the establishment of various departments of what

might be termed the applied arts, viz: ceramics, carving, metal work, design and architecture, that the student might be able to put into his creation, whatever that might be, something of his own personality. One of his favorite illustrations was that of the candlestick made in Germany and the railway spike made in America. Both from wrought iron, both the same weight and value of the crude material—the one converted into a thing of beauty and of value—the other serving as a minute, valueless part of a great commercial system. That the touch of art should be everywhere apparent was his idea and the end which he sought, both in the art school and the museum.

When Chicago cast about in 1893 to find an art director, they selected Professor Ives of St. Louis, to organize and manage the Art Department of the World's Columbian Exposition. This was, indeed, a herculean undertaking. All the arts were to be represented—it was to be an exhibition of the world's art. Professor Ives had previously demonstrated his ability in this respect. He had already shown to the world the broad principles upon which he stood. He was not narrow-minded. It required that all branches of art should be represented in so great an exposition as that to be shown in Chicago, and because of his broad, liberal tendencies and his already note-worthy achievements, he was selected. It is to him that we Americans owe our present proud position in the world's art.

This may seem an extravagant statement; but to the student who has watched the development of American art, and to those who are aware of the conditions before and since the Columbian Exposition, this assertion will need no verification. The remarkable impetus given the work of our American artists and artisans was due to the indefatigable efforts of Professor Ives and his broad, liberal management of the Art Department of the Chicago Exposition. Prior to that time there was little interest shown in American art. Not only does he deserve the credit for

having encouraged American art, but likewise for having been the indirect cause of the awakening of a gigantic wave of art interest and appreciation throughout the country—particularly the great middle West. New museums sprung up and he was continually called upon for helpful suggestions and assistance. The late director of the Art Institute of Chicago, Mr. Wm. M. R. French, said that in the early history of that institution he had “sat at the feet of Professor Ives.”

Later Professor Ives’ work as an art director was again recognized, and he was asked to become the director of the Art Department of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition—a position which he filled with great credit to himself. St. Louis will never know how great is the debt of gratitude she owes to this man—Professor Halsey C. Ives.

It was due to his keen forethought that today we may point with pride to one of the most beautiful museums in America. Years before the time of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, through the efforts of Professor Ives, who was at that time a member of the City Council, an ordinance was passed authorizing the erection of an art building in Forest Park; but there were no funds for such a building. Art interest in St. Louis was confined to a few who had rallied to the support of the St. Louis Museum and School of Fine Arts. The funds derived from all sources were inadequate to support the growing institutions. The Louisiana Purchase Exposition gave Professor Ives his opportunity. He planned that the art palace of this World’s Fair should be a permanent structure and that this should be the future home of the museum. Only those intimately associated with him know of his self-sacrifices and of his devotion to the cause of art in St. Louis and of the many struggles he had to accomplish his plans. The consent and co-operation of the exposition officials were secured and Mr. Cass Gilbert—an architect of international fame—was selected to plan and construct the art building. But the purpose was not yet fully accomplished.

At the close of the Exposition, when the beautiful structure, which had housed one of the world's greatest art collections ever brought together, was finally presented to the City of St. Louis as a permanent home of the City Art Museum, there arose the question of maintenance. Professor Ives was equal to the occasion and secured a fund from the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, which enabled him to collect and install what today is the finest and largest collection of American sculpture in the world. This fund, however, was insufficient and it was soon exhausted. Something had to be done to secure a permanent fund that would insure maintenance and provide for the future growth of this institution.

Again, the broad principle and the noble idea that art should be for all and all for art inspired the thought that the city should provide this fund from a public tax. A bill was accordingly introduced in the General Assembly, giving all cities in the State of Missouri—having over 100,000 inhabitants—the right to submit the question of a tax at any general election held in the city; in other words, giving each city the right of referendum on the question of an "art tax." For weeks and months Professor Ives labored day and night and as a result the city voted with a large majority that a tax be levied on the assessed valuation of the property of the city to the amount of one-fifth of a mill per dollar. This brings for the support of the museum an annual income varying from \$115,000.00 to \$125,000.00 which increases in the ratio of the yearly increase in the amount of city taxes.

Such is the brief history of the City Art Museum and for all of this St. Louis is indebted to the fertile brain and the untiring efforts of Professor Halsey C. Ives, who in truth gave up his life for the cause he loved so well. It is unnecessary to state that there were loyal friends—the board of trustees and others—who stood by and gave ungrudgingly of their time and means.

The City Art Museum ranks today as one of America's

foremost institutions and one of which every St. Louisan may well be proud. A palace of art, a building of beautiful and noble architecture, standing on the brow of Art Hill in the center of Forest Park, overlooking the city; a site the equal of which is not to be found elsewhere in America; a building containing forty galleries; a sculpture hall, which, for design, fitness and spaciousness was pronounced by the late director of the Art Institute of Chicago, Mr. Wm. M. R. French, to be the finest in existence, in which is installed the most complete collection of American sculpture that can be found anywhere; a collection of paintings and art objects second to but few in this country; a liberal tendency on the part of the governing board and those in charge, making of the City Art Museum an educational institution rather than a sanctuary for the pleasure of the few; with ample funds to insure its growth for all time; open and free every day in the year. An institution founded upon the principle inscribed upon the Ives' memorial tablet:

“Art should be a matter of every day enjoyment and use to every normally constituted man, woman and child.”

Such is the gift of Professor Halsey C. Ives to the citizens of St. Louis and to the world in which he lived.

IVES, THE TEACHER

By E. Anson More

IN THE Spring of 1876, when I was twenty-two years old, I decided to try to become an artist. So one afternoon I called on Professor Halsey C. Ives, at the Washington University, hardly hoping that I should be able to afford the cost of instruction. As I was at that time earning my living as a clerk in a store, the only time at my disposal would be nights, after dinner, and Saturday afternoons.

Professor Ives listened to what I had to say, and examined the pencil sketch that I had brought with me with the faint hope that it might find favor in his eyes.

"Do you want to learn drawing as a pastime or do you really wish to become an artist?" he asked.

"If I can, I wish to be an artist," I replied.

"How much are you in earnest? How much time have you? Are you willing to work—work hard?"

I told him of the necessity for me to do my studying at night time, with Saturday afternoons as my only opportunity for work in color. Also I inquired the price of tuition. It would be hard for many to realize my disappointment when he informed me that there were no night classes; and the charges seemed to me more than I could pay. This latter I told him, feeling that all my hopes for genuine instruction had been nipped in the bud.

Yet I was not altogether cast down, as, after a little conversation, Mr Ives requested me to see him again two days later, saying that he desired to consult with Mr. Gutherz, his assistant, and to show him my drawing.

Much to my surprise and delight, my second visit cleared all obstacles which had seemed to be in the way. The price was cut down to one-half; Mr. Ives promised me his services, or Mr. Gutherz's, when necessary, every night from eight o'clock until eleven, and on Saturday afternoons.

Several years later I discovered that the cut in charges had been made possible by the generosity of Mr. Ives; that he had forfeited his own share in the cost of my tuition. All that I paid went to the University. I wish to emphasize the fact that Mr. Ives gave me his personal supervision night after night; that I was for many months his only night pupil—absolutely without remuneration. And this treatment of me was wonderfully characteristic of the man; for there were many others who, as the years went by, were benefited by his helpful generosity. From the very beginning of our acquaintance, he inspired me with a most profound admiration, and an almost reverent affection.

Never shall I forget those nights when I wrought in charcoal over “Ajax Defying the Lightning.” He, or Mr. Gutherz, placed that plaster manikin in every conceivable position—front view, side, back, fore-shortened, to be drawn by straight lines, only, without one thought of curves or shading; weeks and months of it. Then, as an indication of progress, I was finally permitted the inexpressible felicity of shading, but only in flat, block masses. Certainly Mr. Ives was thorough in his methods, I often thought needlessly, distressingly so. But when I became downcast, tired, disheartened almost by my seemingly slow progress, there were always his cheery word of encouragement, his vivid assurance that nothing but work—work could bring excellence. He had asked me if I were willing to work; and he made me work.

Many years have passed since those evenings, yet they have not lost one single particle of their brightness and beauty. Sometimes, after an unusually hard portion of toil, Mr. Gutherz would produce his foils and masks, and with the Venus di Medici, the Apollo Belvedere, that fiendish Ajax, the incomparable Venus of Milo, and many other great ones in plaster as spectators, and Mr. Ives as our genial and enthusiastic umpire, we fenced and stamped and exulted in our youth.

Other times, also after work, we talked, Mr. Gutherz of Paris and Rome; or Mr. Ives of work, of artistic uplift, of the beauty and worth of an earnest, helpful life. He never preached, but just gave out from the fullness of his heart. But always he came back to our school, to the work that we three were so vitally interested in. That was his life, his deep, unbounded love. No sacrifice could be too great for him to build up the school, to inspire a spirit of love for beauty and art. And, later, when it was my privilege to be, not merely an acquaintance, a pupil, but a friend—how my heart burned as he talked.

After I had begun to show some improvement, we took little sketching trips together, to Lafayette Park, across the river, to any nearby spot where nature was beautiful and enticing. We took our luncheons with us. We sketched, and then we ate, and we talked. I said we, but it was he who talked, I who listened. We were both young, he thirty, I twenty-two; he the master, I the pupil, the friend.

More than thirty-five years have gone by since those periods of fellowship and communion. I have met many earnest men, men of high ideals, of lofty purpose, but none has moved me, has inspired me to finer living, to higher thinking than did Halsey Ives. Art, Beauty, Purity, Nobility were not mere words, they were eternal verities. He loved his work, he believed that it was a power for good. I count it one of my greatest privileges to have known him, to have been touched by the white flame of his consuming zeal and generous manhood.

By Alice More

FIIVE years after the small beginning, in 1881, when I enrolled in the school as a student, great changes had taken place. Not only was the school large and flourishing, but a night-school had been organized and now gave

instruction to over one hundred students, chiefly working men, three times a week.

Mr. Ives was also working hard to procure a museum. He was not able to give personal instruction in drawing, owing to his many cares, but he continued to be a strong personal inspiration to the students. He encouraged us to form a sketch class governed by ourselves, and himself called a meeting, had us elect officers, and then proposed that we should all bring in original sketches at our next meeting, to qualify for membership. Our virgin efforts were pinned on a screen and Mr. Ives began to criticize them. Every sort of error possible, in drawing and perspective, had been committed, but Mr. Ives pointed these out so simply, clearly and kindly that we were comforted and encouraged to try again. He had well kept his gravity until he tried to criticize a sketch of a house—a very small house with a tiny door, before which was standing a portly woman, certainly three times as large as the door. First, he smiled and then he sat down and laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks, the sketch class joining in as a delighted chorus. We felt he was imposing in appearance but at heart one of us, and the sketch class, under his severe but kindly oversight, grew and waxed strong. He also helped us edit a very creditable little magazine called "Palette Scrapings." For some time he taught us perspective. I have listened to a goodly number of perspective teachers since that time—some of them were more scientific than Mr. Ives, but no one of them seemed to me to present the subject in a way that appealed to the artist's needs as clearly, vigorously, and sympathetically as did Mr. Ives. He gave us just what we needed in a vivid, graphic manner which reached our brains through our eyes, and satisfied because, as a general rule, artists think with their eyes.

As his work grew Mr. Ives was not able to give so much personal oversight to the school, but he was always the unseen force which animated and directed its conduct.

Quick in temper and often impatient, he sometimes offended the touchy, artistic temperaments which always surrounded him. Nevertheless when personal trouble touched any of his flock, each member turned to him for help or solace as a child turned instinctively to its mother. His time and his purse were always open to all calls.

I cannot do him justice without speaking of his influence for purity of life and thought over the young men in the school. They were of all sorts and conditions, surrounded by nude statues and nude models—whatever they were in private, in the school they learned that the human body was a beautiful and sacred thing. One who had ever seen and felt Mr. Ives' scorn for anything unclean never dared encounter it a second time.

He was that rare individual, a man with a great ideal, for which he lived. From his early youth he had a vision of a great educational school and museum, united in the teaching and uplifting of the people. Often with his head bowed, brooding over his ideal, which was almost an obsession, he swept aside people and objects in his path, making many enemies. But his vision was great and impersonal. By its power, in spite of obstacles and enmities, he has left a great heritage to the people of the city in which he labored so many years. Clearer-eyed future generations will beyond doubt appreciate his gift to them, though his contemporaries have failed to recognize its full greatness.

IVES, THE COMPANION

By William Schuyler

I FIRST met Halsey Ives in the autumn of 1876. He was then instructor of drawing, succeeding Mr. Patterson, in the old Washington University Academy. I had returned to the college for some post-graduate work and thought I could best employ my spare time in continuing my studies in art. A friendship sprung up very quickly between us as we discovered some distant connection between our families. Afterwards he used to take me out sketching. We would sit on the curbstone and draw the old dilapidated buildings of which there were then many in the neighborhood of the University. It was on these expeditions that he talked of his great plan of founding an art school, for which the University was specially adapted on account of its immunity from taxation. I remember how enthusiastic he used to grow and even then he spoke of it as his life work.

The first step was made that very winter by a course of lectures on decorative art, and, almost immediately after, he got permission from the directors to open the classes in drawing to students outside of the academy and college. I often call myself the "oldest living art student," because I attended these lectures and was a member of the first art class.

Not long after, Ives got the directors of the University to recognize his work as a department of the University and himself as professor. At the beginning of the art classes, Carl Gutherz came in as instructor. Ives and he worked faithfully to elevate the artistic taste of the city. They were both very fond of music. As William H. Pommer had just returned from Germany and was giving weekly recitals of classic music I took them there and they became regular attendants. The four of us became very intimate, meeting often in old German taverns where we sat for hours and

discussed the future of art in all its forms in our benighted country. Finally we formed ourselves into a little club called the "Pigs" from the initials of the four members. Our meetings in Ives' studio and the dinners at old Cafferata's, with which we celebrated each member's birthday, still stand out in my memory as true bits of Bohemia; not the false pinchbeck variety that passes muster in New York under that name, but the real thing—a gathering of young artists, poor in this world's goods but rich in hopes and love of art. I remember well the reply one member made to the toast on his birthday. "I hope you all will be as famous as I am going to be." I shall not say which one said this, for it was the spirit of all four, none of whom was shocked at its apparent conceit, but took it as a natural utterance.

Ives was so determined to carry out the work which has made his fame that he sacrificed everything he could control in order to purchase things and finance plans which were needed in the art school, but of which the good directors of those days could not yet see the necessity. I remember how they solemnly debated the propriety of allowing study from the nude, but finally under Ives' persistent hammering allowed it "for men only"—models and students.

Ives was something like Roosevelt, his plan was to do a thing that he was not expressly forbidden to do, make it a success and then let directors and people "talk about it afterward." I remember that one spring he spent on the work all his ready money, hypothecated his salary, and then borrowed from his friends to pay his own daily expenses. These he made as small as possible by giving up his home in a boarding house at 1422 Olive Street and living with the faithful Gutherz in a little cubby hole on Lucas avenue, and eating at grocery stores and cheap restaurants. But his plan showed itself a success, and the next autumn he secured the funds to carry it on further.

The "Pigs" club lasted until the artists of the city under the lead of "old Joe Meeker" were endeavoring to

form a sketch club. So that the forces working for artistic progress might not be divided, Ives persuaded the rest of the "Pigs" to join the "Sketch Club." And so we were merged in the other and larger body. Of course, Ives soon became the controlling influence in that organization which for a time did so much good for the cause of art in St. Louis. But by this time Ives was beginning to become well known and prominent in all art affairs. Whether he ever became as famous as he once thought he was going to be, we can not tell. Only we may say that his fame will never pass away as long as the art school and the beautiful art museum remain.

IVES, THE COLLECTOR

By Blanche A. Archambault

HAVANA, in New York State, was the native town of Professor Ives. About the close of the Civil war the name was changed to Montour Falls. Among the effects of the professor were found pictures of scenes made when the place was still known as Havana. To these boyhood surroundings Professor Ives attributed the development of the artistic sense in him. He once said: "If you could visit the place you would understand at once how it was possible for a country boy situated as I was to imbibe, in early years, a love for nature, which as time progressed should grow naturally into a love of art. I think whatever I may have done in art education during my forty years' efforts I can attribute to the influence exerted upon me by my childhood surroundings. It is a beautiful place and one that I am fond of, revisiting it whenever fate permits me to do so. I think I never close my eyes in sleep at night without hearing the sound of the waterfalls as they dash over the rocks and through the glens near my boyhood home."

Halsey C. Ives was born a collector. When his effects were examined the contents of a small canvas-covered trunk revealed the early exercise of this trait. Carefully wrapped and tied were several packages bearing labels such as these:

"Halsey C. Ives, 10 years old, Havana, N. Y."

"Halsey C. Ives, 13 years old, Havana, N. Y."

"Halsey C. Ives, 14 years old, Havana, N. Y."

The oldest of these packages was put away fifty-seven years ago. It contained a tiny cap and a firecracker, souvenirs of a small boy's glorious Fourth. In the other packages were marbles, pictures of playmates and a variety of such articles as are treasured in boyhood.

All of his life Halsey C. Ives was a collector. As his horizon broadened, as his love and knowledge of art

developed, he collected with widening interest and increasing discrimination.

The exercise of this trend by Professor Ives through the years means much to St. Louis. When the will was opened and the paragraphs were examined it was found that to the education of the young and to the interest of the grown, this indefatigable collector had given, without price, paintings, statuary, engravings, tapestries, tiles, porcelains, wood carvings and other objects of art, numbering in all about one thousand articles.

Valuation in money of these gifts is impossible. One list which Dr. Ives made out represented a cost of \$32,000.

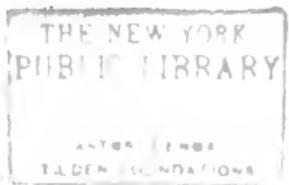
In the library at the City Art Museum is a piece of massive wood carving, standing nearly twenty feet in height and fifteen feet in breadth. It forms the center of a fireplace. Several years ago a representative of a wealthy man in New York offered \$20,000 for this exhibit. The acquisition of the wood carving illustrates the trait of Professor Ives. At one time when the director was abroad he was approached by a member of a noble family, then in somewhat straightened circumstances, who offered to sell him this masterpiece of wood carving which was an heirloom in the family. Professor Ives borrowed from a relative, then in Paris, the amount of money necessary to purchase the wood carving. He paid personally the interest on the loan for a long time. At last a friend, Ezra H. Linley, who had become informed of the circumstances attending the wood carving, paid the principal of the debt, and thus it was secured permanently for the museum. The interest paid from year to year was one of Professor Ives' many financial obligations incurred in his collecting.

Many of the experiences of Professor Ives in making his collections, which have passed into the possession of the public, were of rare interest. One day in the year 1895, a young man from Tyre, Syria, called on the professor. He brought with him letters from the archbishop of the Greek

Church of Tyre, also from the director of the International Museum at Jerusalem. He was ambitious to take a course in a medical college, had a great desire to become most proficient, then return to his native land and work faithfully for the welfare of his countrymen. Even in that far-distant section of the world the name of Professor Ives had become known. The young man's means were exhausted and all that he had left was a collection of very beautiful Phoenician glass, concerning which he had every proof of its authenticity. As in scores of similar cases along this line Professor Ives proved "a friend in need," and young Charles J. Ashcar soon had a comfortable boarding place and was studying "in most profound earnest." In the meanwhile the professor had interested two of his friends, George E. Leighton and John Drummond. Together with himself they purchased the Phoenician glass from the young Syrian, and presented it to the museum. The collection dates back to the primeval period of the making of glass; it was so highly prized that it had to be secretly shipped from the city of Tyre to the Island of Malta, then via Marseilles to the United States. Specimens in this collection are so iridescent that they vie with the rainbow in colors. The best makers of glass in America have tried to produce this perfection of coloring; but up to this time they have failed to do so. As one looks through the cases the conception occurs there must have been a storm while the process of excavation was going on and the colors of the rainbow were reflected on this glass, or some Puck of the air threw chips from the rainbow, which, striking this glass, became a part of it. Three years elapsed and the young student had made good his promising beginning; he had obtained his diploma and was about to leave for his home in the far East; but the day prior the weather was so charming—it being the spring time—a friend and he concluded to go canoeing on the Meramec river. Unfortunately in some manner the canoe was upset and the young Syrian was drowned.

A very essential part of an art museum Professor Ives considered the library. He left by his will the nucleus of such a library in the form of several cases of books on art. Wherever he went, while holding different positions, Professor Ives' fondness to collect was exercised with the result that he brought into the possession of the museum articles which surprised those who had traveled much and who had made life long studies of such things. One of the foreign delegates to the International Congress of Arts and Science, Von Fortlinger, upon his return to Europe after the World's Fair, printed a little book on "Antiquities in the Museums of America." He began with the City of St. Louis, saying that he was not prepared to find in this museum such antiquities. He expressed great surprise. He gave a description of the vases, many of them dating back centuries before Christ.

According to the language of the bequest Halsey C. Ives willed to the museum: "All casts, slides, books, comprising my reference library, prints, engravings, etchings, paintings in oil or water color, porcelains, vases, metal work and carvings and other property of any kind whatsoever belonging to me in the museum galleries."





THE MEMORIAL

VICTOR S. HOLM, SCULPTOR

DEDICATION OF THE MEMORIAL

SUNDAY afternoon, February 1, 1914, friends of Professor Ives assembled in the City Art Museum to dedicate the memorial.

Professor Holmes Smith, first vice-president of the Memorial Association, made the opening address, explaining the policy and work of the association.

Address by Holmes Smith

ON SUNDAY afternoon, May 21, 1911, a public memorial service in memory of the late Halsey C. Ives was held in front of this building. At that meeting the following resolutions were offered by Mr. David R. Francis and adopted by vote of the persons present:

"The people of St. Louis, speaking through a large and representative assemblage, congregated at the Art Museum, May 21, 1911, for the purpose of holding memorial services of Halsey Cooley Ives, late director of the Public Art Museum of St. Louis, and holding in high esteem the life-work of a man who labored in their midst forty years, intelligently and unselfishly, in the interest of art and education, give it as their conviction that the untiring efforts and self sacrifices of Dr. Ives in behalf of art, and his persistent endeavor to establish a Museum of Art in St. Louis for the benefit of all the people, should be worthily recognized by a permanent memorial of such design and character as will fittingly express the appreciation of the public, and serve as a reminder to those of today, and as an evidence to those who come after, that services conscientiously rendered for the promotion of the common good are not overlooked in this community.

Therefore, be it resolved:

That, in order to accomplish this end, a committee consisting of Saunders Norvell, Walter B. Stevens, Philip C. Scanlan, Holmes Smith and George D. Markham, is hereby appointed, whose duty it shall be to organize the Ives Memorial Association for the purpose of creating or constructing in the Public Art Museum of the City of St. Louis, a permanent memorial to Halsey C. Ives.

Resolved, furthermore, that all the people of St. Louis and all lovers of art be invited to contribute to such memorial."

On the day following the memorial meeting, the committee named in the resolutions met and organized by forming the Halsey C. Ives Memorial Association of which Saunders Norvell and Walter B. Stevens were elected president and secretary respectively, and of which, at the request of the committee, N. A. McMillan became the treasurer.

Through the generosity of the press of St. Louis, which gave unstinted aid to the enterprise, and through the mailing of several thousand circular letters, the opportunity to subscribe to the Ives Memorial Fund was presented to the people of St. Louis. The committee decided that no personal solicitation of funds should be made, so that the memorial might in reality be a free-will offering of the people. In this manner, the sum of three thousand, five hundred dollars was subscribed and the committee made the necessary arrangements to obtain a suitable design for the monument, which, it was decided, should include a portrait bust of Professor Ives with a suitable architectural setting.

A competition was held under a system of carefully prepared rules, and a jury consisting of Saunders Norvell (chairman, ex-officio), Wm. S. Eames, architect, Leonard Crunelle, sculptor, and Holmes Smith, unanimously awarded the first place to the model prepared by Victor S. Holm, sculptor, and Messrs. Hellmuth and Hellmuth, associated architects, all of this city. By the terms of the rules of the competition, a contract was made with the successful candidate to provide a monument in accordance with his design. Through Mr. Holm, contracts were let, for the bronze work, to the American Art Bronze Foundry, and for the architectural setting, to the Vermont Marble Co.

In all the work of preparation and installation of the monument, the committee in charge had the co-operation of the Board of Control of the City Art Museum and of the director and his assistants. The site of the monument was selected by the board.

Today the purpose of the people's resolutions having been accomplished, the monument having been erected and approved by vote of the Board of Control, we are met for the purpose of dedicating this monument to the memory of Professor Ives, of presenting it to the citizens of St. Louis, and of placing it in the keeping of those who are charged with the care of this museum.

It may seem to us that we are about to place, as it were, a capstone upon the life-work of one whose services to his fellow-citizens in the cause of art cannot be measured.

When we think of the condition of art in this city as it was forty years ago, when the young designer began his labors, and compare it with that of the present day, we begin to comprehend what was the magnitude of the task which he undertook and accomplished.

But may we regard this not as the finishing stone but rather, as it were, one more stone in the broad foundation laid by Professor Ives on which to erect a structure that shall be an honor to our city, and an object of admiration to art-lovers throughout this and other lands.

In this simple service of dedication it seemed to the committee fitting that they should ask the assistance of a friend from Chicago.

It was not that the committee could not have found in our own city some friend who could have admirably rendered this service, and have brought perhaps even a more personal bearing upon the occasion, but they realized that the art world, of which Professor Ives was so eminent a citizen, extends far beyond the limits of this community. His work in the city of Chicago was almost as influential as that at home.

It is fitting, therefore, that Mr. Lorado Taft, a citizen of Chicago, and also of the greater world of art, should be present with us and lend his aid in dedicating this monument to the memory of Professor Ives, and ourselves to the promotion of his great work.

It is fitting for another reason that Mr. Taft should give the sanction of his presence to our service today. The sculptor of the memorial is one of several, who, as young men, began their work in the studios of Mr. Taft and under his guidance.

It is with very great pleasure that I introduce to you Mr. Lorado Taft, long time friend of Professor Ives, eminent sculptor, author of works upon art, inspirer of young men and women who follow the art of which he himself is a master.

Address by Lorado Taft

AMES Russell Lowell, in an early and little known essay, wrote: "Except a few typical men in whom certain ideas get embodied, the generations of mankind are mere apparitions who come out of the dark for a purposeless moment, and re-enter the dark again after they have performed the nothing they came for."

We know that Lowell outgrew the arrogant intolerance of youth and came in time to look with less disdain upon the average man, the humble social unit. It is the phrase, "Except a few typical men in whom certain ideas get embodied," which applies to our subject today. Halsey C. Ives was one of those exceptional men in whom an idea had gotten embodied.

It is for that reason that we are come to do him honor. It is the force of that idea, still vital, still potent, which gathers us in this temple of art—his dream and his creation—to dedicate to his memory a monument of enduring marble and bronze.

In the casual, hap-hazard life of this young nation it is useful that we imitate now and then the old-world habit of erecting memorials to those who have deserved well of their fellow-citizens. We have reared shafts to the memory of our

statesmen; we have immortalized our captains of industry; above all have we perpetuated the forms and commemorated the valorous deeds of our soldiers, our men of blood.

But today our admiration is of a different sort. Our hero was an exception even among these exceptional men. His fixed idea—his obsession, if you will—was the love of beauty. Beauty as expressed in art was the controlling influence of his life, its lodestone and its own exceeding rich reward. To share this treasure with his fellowmen was the great instinctive impulse of his generous heart. Where in this broad land will you find another memorial erected to a lover of beauty? And where will you find a monument more richly deserved, more worthily won?

For, after all, what is better worth while than beauty? Indeed what lasting values are there besides those expressed in the terms of art?

“All passes; art alone endures.”

Life is a mystery; we know not whence we come nor whither we go, nor what it is all about. Sometimes when vitality is low it seems to resolve itself into a ghastly formula, a futile repetition of physical phenomena. The thought is maddening. But if the years reveal some slight progress, life is explained; a purpose becomes traceable in the drab routine of existence. Some little gain is all that we ask, some permanent accretion to the good of humanity. Well has it been said that “art is the embodiment of the hope of the world.” It takes a myriad forms, forms unexpected, unprecedented; but this matters not at all so that something beautiful be added to the heritage of mankind; a Grecian urn, perhaps, a couplet, something transmissible, however slight, and we are reconciled to the dreary round of toil, to the ceaseless iteration of birth and suffering and fatigue and death. For now, “the eternal court is open to you with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen and the mighty of every time and place.”

In this goodly fellowship did our friend dwell and it

was the master passion of his life to share his privileges with those about him. He felt with Spinoza:

"I am certain that the good of human life cannot lie in the possession of things which, for one man to possess, is for the rest to lose, but rather in things which all can possess alike, and where one man's wealth promotes his neighbors."

May I be pardoned for a personal reminiscence? I want to tell you how I first met Professor Ives and how it happens that I come here from afar to talk of him to you who knew him so intimately.

It was away back in the early eighties. A young art student in Paris, I had made the acquaintance of your Robert Bringhurst, who in turn had told me much of the genial, indefatigable Professor Ives and his visits to Europe, of his journeyings from one capitol to another in quest of pictures for your famous annual exhibitions and of his interest in art students. The time for his arrival drew near and we were all expectancy. But, alas, it happened that just when the great man reached Paris, one who had counted most upon meeting him was laid up in a particularly cheerless studio with some slight disorder and could not go to call upon him. A kind word from Bringhurst and the professor was all sympathy. He took time from his engagements with France's most famous masters to come over the river to that humble street and studio and to call upon the unknown young student. Not only that, but he ordered a wonderful dinner for three from Cagnard's, the fine restaurant of the quarter, had it sent in, and amid those unwonted surroundings invited himself to table with the boys. The sick youth, beguiled by the fragrant delicacies, ate as he had not eaten for many a day, recovered rapidly and has never been ill since! But the professor had done more than feed a hungry young sculptor; he had made a friend for life. It has been said, "the greatest thing that you can do for any man is to show an interest in him." This, Professor Ives

knew how to do as few men are able to do it. His interest was so great, his affection so intense, that at times the failure or apparent ingratitude of a *protégé* made him heartsick. He allowed himself to suffer too much from this cause.

We are talking more and more these later years of good citizenship. We are realizing as never before that man does not—cannot—live for himself alone, but that in a very real and vital sense we are our brothers' keepers. In my own development I do not know of any one life which has influenced me more in this direction than the one which we gratefully recall at this hour. We artists are popularly supposed to be exempt from the responsibilities of grown-up men. Happy-go-lucky creatures, we are often counted along with the poets and players as not quite capable of the more solid virtues of citizenship. Our weaknesses are condoned because we help to while away the tedium of life's monotonous hours. Even the more staid—or shall I say the less adventurous?—of our kind as a rule have taken little part in the political life of their cities. Theirs is a cloistered existence at best. I remember how, upon hearing of Professor Ives' service in your municipal council, it came over me with a kind of a shock that one owed something more than taxes to the community which gave him protection and the privileges of metropolitan life—that there was something special and precious that an artist could contribute. Since then I have been intimate in my own city with men of the guild as generous of themselves for the commonwealth as was our dear friend Ives, but it was he more than any other who taught me a new ambition, who made me see that there is something finer than being an artist, and that is to be an artist-citizen. More than most men did he realize that his position and his gifts meant not only power but obligation. Early had he taken to heart that splendid sentiment of Thoreau: "An efficient and valuable man does what he can whether the community pay him for it or not."

Of his labors here and his triumphs you, his townsmen, know better than I. From time to time we used to see him in Chicago and gathered around him to hear his plans—to get a touch of his compelling fervor, and glimpses of the unfolding dreams which he cherished. You know of the daily grind, the patient plodding, which were the yet higher proofs of a sublime conviction, and a divine enthusiasm. Some of you remember the founding of the old museum and the love and ceaseless devotion that went into it; of the school and its night classes; of the lectures in various parts of the city. You know that our friend was filled with a great consuming passion for this work and that he never spared himself. "The city must be beautiful; the gray lives of these toilers must be brightened." How often I have heard him talk thus, and how little it meant to me at the time compared with its significance today! That earnest voice has not died away but reverberates with a thousand-fold greater power at this moment as the need becomes ever more pressing and more articulate.

And then came the Columbian Exposition and its commanding opportunities. How proud and happy were we who knew him when our friend was selected to direct the great Department of Art! Where else could such a man have been found? No exposition before or since, excepting your own, has had such wise guidance. Those annual trips abroad had not been in vain. Professor Ives knew the studios of every capitol; the artists big and little, the world over, were his friends.

And what a revelation he brought us! The beauty and the wonder of that exhibit of 1893 still thrill me. The glorious display of French painting and sculpture; the solid worth of Teutonic art, so little known at that time in America; the harmonious Dutch canvases; the dazzling outburst of the Scandinavians; the generous contribution of the English—all these characteristic, significant phases of a world's endeavor brought to us under a single roof! The effect

was overpowering. No exhibit ever has meant or could mean so much to America.

It was my privilege to be there every day. I lectured and led classes about, and through it all I remember that great kindly personality so fit to preside over the Palace of Beauty which he had organized. He could look so solemn and official upon occasions, and then just as our paths crossed might whisper a little jest or playful warning to set me laughing before my earnest-eyed followers! How often I have seen him step up to some humble auntie or grandma from the backwoods and give her a bit of information, telling her, "Yes, that is the original 'Reading from Homer' that you have been wanting to see," or directing to some more elusive treasure. He knew how much it meant to them; how long they had waited for it. For, not less truly of them than of their eastern cousins of an earlier generation might it have been said: "Art did not exist without them as a fact, but within them as a yearning."

A space of ten or twelve years—busy, fruitful years—and another exposition demanded the services of our friend. This time it was his home city which proffered him the honor and which profited through his labors. Never did long cherished dream come to more glorious realization. This magnificent building; this splendid and ever-growing collection of art treasures, were the reward of one man's vision; they are the benediction of a life that was a prayer. This vast hall in which we are gathered contains the finest aggregation of American sculpture to be found in any museum. It is unique, and he did this for you. On yonder walls are priceless canvases garnered from many lands. It was his knowledge and ceaseless quest which made them yours. And the endowment of this great municipal museum, how he worked for it and how he rejoiced when its future was assured!

But it is not of these glittering and obvious triumphs that I would speak so much as of the deeper, less familiar

qualities of him whom we delight to honor. As I look back over the years of our intercourse I see things plainly that once were misunderstood. In truth how much we missed, for our "eyes were holden." He used to tell us eagerly of his museum of the industrial arts; he showed us curious bits of wrought iron and embossed leather and carved wood. We were not artists enough to appreciate their beauty. We were not artisans and knew not their value. Above all we were not prophets of humanity and friends of the toilers like the man who talked to us with such eloquence and conviction. We got something of his meaning, but half the time those earnest words fell upon uncomprehending ears; we thought it all a harmless fad of his. Today we realize the profundity of his insight and the breadth of his compassion. He was endeavoring to solve one of the greatest problems of our time. His heart's great aspiration was to bring happiness into the lives of the burden-bearers—to teach the humble worker the joys of invention, the pride of the master of a craft. In this fantastic existence of ours blind fate has decreed to millions of our fellow men life sentences of confinement at hard labor without hope of reprieve or rebate for good behavior. Their toil is breathless, feverish; to stop for a single day means privation at home. A week's illness is a catastrophe, while a month's shut-down of the works spells starvation. To counteract in a measure the results of this deadening monotony, to put a rhythm and a song into the life of the artisan was the passionate desire of the man we honor today. I am glad that his monument bears his own generous words:

"Art should be a matter of every day enjoyment and use to every normally constituted man, woman and child."

I have just been reading the prospectus of a wonderful enterprise which has thrilled me, your great pageant of next May. It is to unroll its pomp and beauty right here at the door of this museum. How our friend would have delighted in it! And how ardently he would have joined in the spirit

of Percy MacKaye's eloquent appeal at the close of his recent address here, when after a glowing tribute to the talents of your eminent men and women he says:

"Best of all, in St. Louis are many thousand uncelebrated but sincere fellow-American citizens—workers in all fields of industry and human enterprise, vital with the life which alone can bring successful achievement to the dreams of civic artists. To these—both for the alleviation of what is humdrum in their lives and for the expression of their own too-stifled dreams—to these we look for fellowship and good will in our festival task.

"Co-operation, then, is our watch-word, and the watch-word of this city in this plan of civic art. Art itself is a word too long made strange to the man and woman of daily work. Well, then, henceforth let it be no longer strange, but translated. Another word for it is happiness—the joy of expressing ourselves nobly, whoever we are.

"Co-operation is another word of the scholars and statesmen. The man on the street has a plainer phrase for it: 'Get together.'

"Citizens of St. Louis, when we in our country shall 'get together' for a real civic art, there will be a constructive revolution in America—a renascence of joy in the life work and leisure of every man, woman and child."

Such was the day that Halsey Ives looked forward to with eager, prophetic vision. He saw the rosy tints of its dawn piercing, transforming the clouds and smoke of our toilsome community life. He labored heroically to this end and we have entered into his labors.

Big, masterful, kindly elder brother, we thank you for the message!

The Memorial Presented

AT THE conclusion of Mr. Taft's address, Miss Caroline Eliot Ives, daughter of Professor Ives, drew the draperies, which, up to that time, had covered the memorial.

Saunders Norvell, president of the Association, presented the memorial to the Board of Control of the City Art Museum, represented by William H. Lee, vice-president.

Speaking for the Board of Control, the director of the museum, R. A. Holland, voiced the acceptance.

The memorial consists of a portrait bust in bronze, a little more than life size with an architectural setting of marble fourteen feet in height. The architectural parts are of two different marbles carefully chosen for their harmonious blending with the bronze. The delicate tints and textures make them eminently fit for interior use. The monument stands just inside the main entrance to the museum facing the great sculpture court. It projects from the wall and forms the base for the pedestal upon which is placed the bronze bust. The inscription, which is of bronze, is:

TO
HALSEY COOLEY IVES, LL. D.

1847 — 1911

FOUNDER OF THE
ST. LOUIS SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS
AND OF THIS MUSEUM,
WHO DEVOTED HIS LIFE TO THE
SERVICE OF ART, THIS MONUMENT
IS ERECTED BY THE PUBLIC.

["]
"ART SHOULD BE A MATTER OF
EVERY-DAY ENJOYMENT AND USE
TO EVERY NORMALLY-CONSTITUTED
MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD."—IVES.

KUTTERER-JANSEN PRINTING COMPANY
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